JACK JUNK.

'TWAS one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling
Jack Junk cocked his jemmy, and broached a full can,
While a poſſe of neighbours of each different calling,
Cried—"Only but hear, what a marvellous man,"
Avaſt, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous in it;
When his times come the ſtouteſt of hearts muſt comply.

(*Spoken.*)—Why now you, Maſter Tallow-Chandler, by way of throwing a little light on the ſubject, don't you think 'tis better to be extinguiſhed when one's fighting in defence of one's King and Country, than to ſtay at home lingering and go out like the ſnuff of a candle.

Then like men do your duty, we all have our minute,
And at ſea or aſhore, we ſhall live till we die,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, Boys,
Let's live till we die.

Why now you, Maſter Plumber, that marvels at billows
I ſhall founder at ſea and you'll die in your bed:
What of that, ſome have ſeas, and ſome waves for their pillows,
And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead;
And as for the odds all the difference there's in it,
I ſhall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.—

(*Spoken.*)—Why, ſmite my crooked timbers,—who knows but Maſter Snip there may ſlip his cable, and break his back, with taking the ninth part of a fall off the ſhopboard into his own hell?—

Then like men, &c.

As for you, Maſter Bricklayer, to make out your calling,
A little like mine, an't a matter that's hard;
Pray may'nt you from a ladder or ſcaffold be falling,
As eaſy as I from a railing or yard:
Then for you it's commiſſion a tile may bring with it,
As ſoon as a ſhot or a ſplinter for I.—

(*Spoken.*)—As for Maſter Doctor, the Undertaker and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me, they ſend too many folks contented to their long homes not to know how to go there contentedly themſelves.

Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to ſettle,
You may clear ſhip for action as much as you like,
And behave like a man, but he's ſuch weight of metal,
At the very firſt broadſide, the braveſt muſt ſtrike:
And when you have ſaid all you can, what's there in it,
Who to ſtand 'gainſt a ſtorm, but a lubber would try.

(*Spoken.*)—For as to qualms of conſcience, cheating cuſtomers, betraying friends, and ſuch like, being a ſet of honeſt Tradeſmen, I dare ſay your'e perfectly eaſy about them ſort of things.

Then like men, &c.

J. Jennings, Printer, Sheffield.